



PADDY WHACK.

London: J. W. Neale.
Holland St. So. W. 12th Street.



PADDY WHACK.

Chas E Droadley
9648

PADDY WHACK'S

Bottle Companion;

a Collection of

Convivial Songs

in high estimation

many of which were

never before Published.

London Published by W^m Holland. N^o 50. Oxford street
1791



1800

PADDY WHACK'S BOTTLE COMPANION,

&c.

LUKE CAFFREY'S KILMAINHAM MINIT.

A second Edition, with the *Addition* of many *Omissions*
not in the *tother* Edition.

WHEN to see Luke's *last* Jigg we agreed,
We *tipp'd* all our *gripes* in a *tangle*;
And mounted on *trotters* *wid* speed,
To *squint* at *de* *snub* as *he'd* *dangle*;
For he was *de* *smart* on *de* *gap*,
He *boozled* *de* *bull-dog* and *pinners*;
And when *dat* he *mill'd* a *fat* *slap*,
He merrily melted *de* *winners*,
To *snack* *wid* *de* *boys* of *de* *pad*. *

* The concluding words of each verse to be spoken in the Newgate cant.

In a giffee we blink'd at de spud,
 Where de quod ids glum phiz did exhibit ;
 Wid a facer we coddled our blood,
 For de wind id blows cold from de gibbet ;
 De boy he had travell'd afore,
 Like ratlers we after him peg'd it ;
 For to miss us would grieve him full sore,
 Bekase why, as a favour he begg'd it,
 We'd tip him de fives 'fore his det.

When we came to de man-trap, and saw
 Poor Luke look so blue in de gabbard ;
 To save him I taut I could draw
 Me toaster from out of de scabbard :
 " Oh ! Luky," sis I, " do you see !
 Be de iron and steel in me daddles,
 If I taut I could once set you free,
 De scarlets should smoke in dir saddles,
 Your gullet to save from de noose.

Your soul ! I'd fight blood to de eyes,
 You know it, I would to content you ;
 But foul play I always dispise,
 Dat's for one to fall upon twenty !"
 Sis he, " 'Tis me fate for to die,
 I knowd id when I was committed ;
 But yet, if de slang you run fly,
 De scragboy may still be outwitted,
 And I scout again on de lay.

When

When I dance *tuxt de ert* and *de skies*;
De clargy may bleat for *de struggler*;
But when on *de ground* your *frend* lies,
Oh! tip me a snig in *de Jugler*;
Oh! you know *dat id* is *me* last hope,
As *de surgints* of *otomy* tell us;
Dat when I am cut down from *de rope*,
You'll bring back *de puff* to *me* bellows,
And set *me*, once more, on *me* pins.*

He finish'd *dis* speech *wid* a sigh!
We saw *de* poor fellow was *funking*;
De drizzle stole down from his eye,
Tho' we *taut* he had got better *spunk* in;
Wid a tip of *de* slang * we replied,
And a blinker *dat* nobody noted;
De clargy stepped down from his side,
And *de* gabbard from under him floated;
Oh! *be de hoky*, *id* was *den dat* *me* port royal run cold.

Pads foremost he div'd, and *den* round
He caper'd *de Kilmainham minit*;
But soon, when he lay on *de* ground,
Our *bisness* we *tant* to begin *id*:
Wid *de* *stiff* to a *shebeen* we hied,
But *det* had shut fast ev'ry grinder;
His brain-box hung *all-a one* side,
And no Distiller's pig could be blinder;
But *dat*, you know, is what we must all *cum tow*!

* The singer, at this part, is to put the fore-finger of his right-hand on his nose.

His pushing-block piffy came in,
 From tipping de scragboy a dusting;
 Her stuff-slop was up to her chin,
 Like a cram'd fowl wid tinderness busting;
 We lent him a snig, as he sed,
 On de Jugler, 'tis here * dat de mark iss;
 But soon as we found him quite ded,
 In de dust-case we bundled his carcase,
 And gave him a barb'rous long Protestant leafe of
 de sanctified sod yonder beyant, dere in bloody
 Finglas, your soul! Dat's for 999 annums, be
 de murd'ring Hemp Act passed in the last Sessions
 you know.

PADDY O'ROURKE;
 OR, THE
 PIG UNDER THE POT.

WHEN I was a young man in sweet Tiperary,
 To dance with a piper or hurl on the green,
 So astive, so merry, so brisk, and so airy,
 The devil my fellow was scarce ever seen;
 There was Judy Malfinan, with skin white as linen,
 Good humour'd her face as a full flowing bowl,
 If under the bushes, or on the green rushes,
 Oh! Paddy O'Rourke was the joy of my soul.
 With my bubberoo, didderoo, up and down nimble, in
 and out, round about, leather away long, with my
 jug and jug whiskey, my to and fro friskey, I sung for
 the Girls, and this was my song.

* Here the finger is to point the fore finger of his right-hand to his neck.

At the fair of Clogheen I met with my jewel,
 I kissed her, myself was as bold as a ram;
 Be easy, says she, and she look'd very cruel;
 I softened her heart with a drop of a dram;
 The night was advancing, so home we led prancing;
 I lifted my Judy o'er many a stile;
 As we came to a wood, Oh! says she you're not good,
 And this is the place were poor me you'll beguile.
 With your bubberoo, didderoo, &c.

A Pig I brought home from the fair to my daddy,
 And Judy had bought there a neat iron pot;
 Your Pig underneath you'll put, my own Paddy,
 And then you'll undo me by this and by that;
 The birds sung around us while love and love crown'd us;
 But whether I there took the hint or did not,
 I'll leave you to guesl it, bat Judy will bless it,
 The day that I put the Pig under the Pot.
 With my bubberoo, didderoo, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

To my Muse, give attention, and deem it not a
 mystery,
 If we jumble together music, poetry, and history,
 The times to display in the days of Queen Bess, sir,
 Whose name and whose memory posterity will bless, sir.
 O the Golden Days of good Queen Bess.
 Merry be the memory of Good Queen Bess.
 Then

1+

Tben we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and Armadas;
 With their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring bravadoes
 For we knew how to manage both the musquet and the
 bow, sir,
 And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow,
 sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses unthatch'd,
 sir,
 Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd, sir ;
 Ye so few were the folks that would plunder, or rob, sir,
 That the hangman was starving for want of a job, sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs, tied about their necks,
 sir,
 Would gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
 breakfast ;
 While a close quill'd up coif their noddles just did fit, sir,
 And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, sir.
 O the Golden Days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose, sir,
 With a huge pair of whiskers was the dress of our beaus,
 sir ;
 Strong beer they preferr'd too, to Claret or Hook, sir.
 And no poultry they priz'd, like the wing of an ox. sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Good

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, sir,
 And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir;
 While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle, and the
 plough, sir,
 And honest men could live by the sweet of their brow, sir.

Oh the Golden Days, &c.

Theu football, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar, sir,
 Were prefer'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, sir;
 And for jaunting and junketting, the favourite regale, sir,
 Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and ale,
 sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then the folks, every Sunday, went twice, at least, to
 church, sir,
 And never left the parson or his sermon in the lurch, sir;
 For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
 good in, sir,
 And they thought it Sabbath breaking if they din'd
 without a pudding, sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were
 great, sir,
 And the props of the nation were the pillars of the state,
 sir;
 For the Sov'reign and Subject one interest supported,
 And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.
 O the Golden Days, &c.

Then

Then the High and Mighty States, to their everlasting
 shame, sir,
By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of Spain,
 sir;
And the rous'd British Lion, had Europe then combin'd,
 sir,
Undismay'd, would have scatter'd them, like chaff before
 the wind, sir.
O the Golden Days, &c.

Thus they eat, and they drank, and they work'd, and
 they play'd, sir,
Of their friends not ashamed, nor of enemies afraid,
 sir;
And little did they think, when this ground they stood
 on, sir,
To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and
 gone, sir.
O the Golden Days, &c.

THE BOTTLE.

WHATE'ER squeamish lovers may say,
 A mistress I've found to my mind;
I enjoy her by night and by day,
 Yet she grows still more lovely and kind:
Of her beauties I never am cloy'd,
 Tho' I constantly stick by her side;
Nor despise her because she's enjoy'd
 By a legion of lovers beside.

For

For tho' thousands may broach her,
 May broach her, may broach her,
 By Jove I shall feel neither envy nor spleen,
 Nor jealous can prove of the mistress I love ;
 For a bottle, a bottle, a bottle's the mistress I mean ;
 Nor jealous can prove of the mistress I love ;
 For a bottle, a bottle, a bottle's the mistress I mean.

Should I try to describe all her merit,
 With her praises I ne'er should have done ;
 She's brimful of sweetness and spirit,
 And sparkles with freedom and fun :
 Her stature's majestic and tall,
 And taper her bosom and waist ;
 Her neck long, her mouth round and small,
 And her lips, how delicious to taste !
 For tho', &c.

You may grasp her with ease by the middle ;
 To be open'd how vast her delight ;
 And yet her whole sex is a riddle,
 You never can stop her too tight.
 When your finger you once introduce,
 To her circle and magical power,
 Pop away from within flies the juice,
 And your senses are drown'd in the shower.
 For tho', &c.

But the sweetest of raptures that flow,
 From the bountiful charmer I prize,
 Is sure when her head is laid low,
 And her bottom's turn'd up to the skies :
 Stand to her, and fear not to win her,
 She'll never prove peevish or coy ;
 And the farther and deeper you're in her,
 The fuller she'll fill you with joy.
 For tho', &c.

Thus naked, and clasp'd in my arms,
 With her my sweet moments I'll spend ;
 And revel the more on her charms,
 When I share her delights with a friend :
 To Divinity, Physic, or Law,
 Her favours I never shall grudge,
 Tho' each night she may make a faux pas,
 With the Bishop, the Doctor, or Judge.
 For tho', &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

IN praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have been sung,
 sir,
 And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young, sir ;
 But from times that are past we'll for once turn our eyes,
 As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, sir.
 Then, whatever were the days of good Queen Bess,
 Let us praise the Golden Days we now possess.

Without

Without armies to combat, or armadas to withstand, sir,
 Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, sir;
 Lasting peace we secure, while we're lords of the sea, sir,
 And our stout wooden walls are our sure guarantees, sir.

Such are the Golden Days we now possess,
 Whatsoever were the days of good Queen Bess.

No bigot rule the roast now, with persecution dire, sir;
 Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on the fire, sir;
 No bishop now can broil a poor Jew, like a pigeon, sir,
 Nor barbecue a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, sir.

Such are the Golden Days.

Now no legendary saint rob the labouter of one day, sir,
 Except now and then, when he celebrates Saint Monday
 And good folks, ev'ry sabbath, keep church without a
 pother, sir,

By walking in at one door, and stealing out at t'other, sir.

Such are the Golden Days.

Then for dress, modern Belles bear the bell beyond
 compare, sir,

Though farthingales and ruffs are got rather out of wear,
 sir;

But when truss'd up like pullets, whether fat, lean, or
 plump, sir,

'Tis no matter, so they've got but a merrythought and
 rump, sir.

Such are the Golden Days.

Such promontories sure may be styl'd Inaccessibles,
 As our small cloaths by prudes are pronounc'd Inexpressibles:
 And the taste of our beaus won't admit of dispute, sir,
 When they ride in their slippers and walk about in boots,
 sir.

Such is the Golden Days.

Our language is refined too from what is was of yore, sir,
 As a shoe-string's the dansy, and a buckle's quite a bore,
 sir;
 And if rais'd from the dead it would sure poze the
 noddle, sir,
 Of a Shakspere to tell what's the tippee or the twaddle, sir.

Such is the Golden Days.

Then for props of the state what can equal in stury, sir,
 Those two stately pillars, called a Wig and a Tory, sir;
 Though by shifting their ground they sometimes got so
 wrong, sir,
 They forget to which side of the house they belong, sir.

Such are the Golden Days.

But as props of their strength and uprightness may boast,
 sir,
 While the proudest of pillars may be shook by a post, sir;
 May the firm friends of freedom her blessings inherit, sir,
 And her foes be advanc'd to the post which they merit, sir.

Then shall the Golden Days we now posses,
 Far surpass the boasted days of good Queen Bess.

And

And as the name of Brunswick claims duty, love, and
 awe, sir,
 Far beyond a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or Nassau, sir,
 Let the sceptre be sway'd by the son or the sire, sir,
 May their race rule this land till the globe is on fire, sir :
 And may their future days, in glory and success,
 Far surpass the Golden Days we now possess.

SANDMAN JOE.

Sung at the Anacreontic Society

THE other day, as Sandman Joe,
 Up Holborn hill was dragging
 His lousy rips, they scarce could go,
 Yet still the dog kept flogging :
 His raw-rump team, fit for the crows,
 Just starv'd to death, could scarce go,
 Whilst gallows Joe their rumps he rub'd,
 And roaring, cried, here's your lily-white sand, oh.

He'd not gone far to sell his sand,
 'Twas near a neighbouring alley,
 When turning of himself about,
 There he spied his flash ma'am, Sally :

His

His raw-rump team, fit for the crows,

Could scarce stand, when he cried, wo-o !

But to keep them up, their rumps he rub'd,

And roaring, &c.

He star'd awhile, then turn'd his quid,

Why, blast you, Sall, I love you !

And for to prove what I have said,

This night I'll soundly f——ve you.

Why then, fays Sall, my heart's at rest,

If what you say you'll stand to ;

His brawny hand her bubbles prest,

And roaring, &c.

Say Sall to Joe, where shall be go

To get some gin to warm us ?

Up to St. Giles's we will go,

For their the gin won't harm us.

His raw-rump team, &c.

When to St. Giles's they had got,

They sat and they were merry ;

They five times fill'd the quartern pot,

With glorious gin so cherry.

His raw-rump team, &c.

O then

O then they kiss'd, and then shook fist,
 My dearest Joey, don't I know you :
 Why you're as sound a dog as ever pif's'd,
 This night I'll dofs with my Joey.
 Then away he went with his flaming lass,
 To play the game you all know,
 Whilst gallows Joe he wag'd his a—e,
 And roaring, &c..

IN PRAISE OF A FAT MISTRESS.

Air—*Derry down.*

SING or say what you please of Belinda the tall,
 Maria the short, or Amelia the small ;
 Dear Chloe's my theme, so extensive in charms,
 That the front of her stays is too wide for my arms.

Derry down, &c..

Ladies' breasts are love's pillows, as ballad folks bawl,
 But her breasts are love's pillows, bed, bolster and all.
 When dancing, she moves like a mountain, I own,
 And my heart's pit-a-pat lest the floor should fall down.

Derry down, &c..

That Kitty is pretty what mortal denies,
 And stars, suns, and such things, illumine her eyes ;
 But to such pigmy beauties my girl shan't give place,
 Who has not only suns, but full moons in her face.

Derry down, &c..

I've often o'erheard the ill-natur'd expression,
 That beauty so bulky will pall in possession ;
 In his notion the critic is surely misled,
 Love's flames by her fat will be constantly fed.

Derry down, &c.

I've a rival, what then? we can ne'er disagree,
 There's enough, and to spare, both for him and for me ;
 Enough—ay, good reader—I swear by my troth,
 But I'll whisper—there's rather too much for us both.

Derry down, &c.

Your rhimers, your rhapsodists, roundelay-makers,
 And such sort of what you call verse-undertakers ;
 To this laſt, or that, pretend paying their duties,
 My girl is *so great*, ſhe'll make twenty ſuch beauties.

Derry down, &c.

Her eyes, lips, and limbs—are amazingly great ;
 All who've felt her charms, own they're of wonderful
 weight ;
 She's lovely, ſhe's liberal, sweet temper'd and free,
 And only gives pain when ſhe sits on my knee.

Derry down, &c.

I start not as timorous fribbles have done,
 At the ſubſtance of three or four females in one ;
 First balance her weight with his majesty's coin,
 Then let the dear ponderous Charmer be mine.

Derry down, &c.

THE

THE LADIES' TAYLOR:

A Celebrated Irish Song.

YE bells that in riding delight,
 Who rejoice in the crack of the whip,
 If, when mounted, you wish to be tight,
 Let me your fair persons equip ;
 A plain Irish Taylor am I,
 And Roger M'Strong is my name ;
 Tho' born near the town of Athy,
 A better from London ne'er came.

Your London-bred Taylors, I own,
 The gentlemen's shapes better hit ;
 But your true Irish artists are known
 The ladies much tighter to fit.
 In Killcock I first studied my trade,
 And to Dublin soon after I came ;
 Where many bold pushes I've made,
 In hopes of arriving at fame.

Three years every art I have tried,
 This laudable end to obtain,
 And my needle I've constantly ply'd,
 In the centre of Petticoat lane ;

C

But

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING

But wishing still higher to soar,
 I've just to Smock alley removed ;
 The button-hole graces my door ;
 A sign in all countries approv'd.

But here I must loudly declare,
 No stuff will I work but our own ;
 No stuff half so well suits the fair,
 As the produce of Ireland alone.
 To me all ye fair ones make haste,
 If you wish that your country should live,
 'Tis I that can please every taste,
 And to each her full measure will give.

Nay, should a young lass, by mistake,
 A tight pattern commit to my care,
 To stretch it such pains I will take,
 That I'll soon make it fit to a hair.

No cabbaging here you need dread,
 I'll filch not an inch smooth or rough ;
 And, rather than cheat you, I'll add
 A full yard of my own to your stuff.

I'm so strongly to stitching inclin'd,
 Let a customer come when she may,
 Ever ready my needle she'll find,
 To content her by night and by day.
 I wish no exorbitant gains,
 And, rather than quarrel, I swear,
 I'll ask no reward for my pains,
 By the pleasure of pleasing the fair.

THERE'S

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING.

YOUNG Roger threw Margery down on the floor,
With kissing, and palming, and thumping;
For heaven's sake, says Margery, look who's at the door;
O curse ye, there's somebody coming.

But Roger he vow'd, and promis'd, and pray'd;
Ah Roger you are but a humming,
I cannot believe you, says she—I'm afraid—
I'm afraid there is somebody coming.

But Roger kept kissing, and pressing, and squeezing,
And at last the fly rogue fell a drumming;
Which at length prov'd to Madge so delightfully pleasing,
She car'd not if old Nick was a coming.

THE IRISHMAN'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
And for England's ownself thro' the seas I did plough,
For four long days I was toss'd up and down,
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, sir,
I clung like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, sir,
Round about the big post that grows out of the ship, sir,
O ! I never thought more to sing langolee,

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,
 Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight;
 Myself the next day a true Irishman proving,
 When leaving the ship on the shore for to light;
 As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
 The first step I took (I was in such a totter)
 That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in water,
 O ! that was no time to sing langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
 I thought the best way to get each in good hnmour,
 Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soul.
 So I went to a house where roast meat they provide, sir,
 With a whirligig which up the chimney I spied, sir,
 And which grinds all their smoke into powder besides, sir
 'Tis true as I'm now singing langolee,

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek ;
 But as for the inside I'd no cash in my casket,
 Says I, with your leave, I make bold, sir, to ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the basket ?
 For there I can ride and sing langolee.

When

When making his mouth up, the basket, says he, sir,
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two :
 Very well, sir, says I, that's the thing then for me, sir ;
 But the devil a word that he told me was true.
 For though one went before and the other behind, sir,
 They set off, cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time, sir,
 So the same day at night I set out by moon-shine, sir,
 All alone by myself singing langolee.

O long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,
 That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark ;
 When the sun only shines in the day, which by nature
 Wants no light at all—as you all may remark ;
 But as for the moon, by my soul I'll be bound, sir,
 It would save the whole nation a great many pounds, sir,
 To subscribe to light him up all the year round, sir,
 Or I'll never sing more about langolee.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

O Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded,
 How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded ;
 As the wise, great, and good, of thy frown seldom 'scape
 any,
 Witness brave Belisarius, who begg'd for an halfpenny.
 Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Date Obolum
 Belisario.

He, whose fame from his valour and victories arose, Sir,
 Of his country the shield, and the scourge of her foes, Sir ;
 By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged, was led, Sir,
 With one foot in the grave thus to beg for his bread, Sir.

Date, &c.

When a young Roman Knight, in the street passing by,
 Sir, to every side and yonder blithely looking,
 The vet'ran survey'd, with a heart-rending sigh, Sir ;
 And a purse in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear, Sir,
 While the soldier's sad tale attract'd his ear, Sir,

Date, &c.

‘ I have fought, I have bleed, I have conquer'd for
 Rome, Sir,
 I have crown'd her with laurels which for ages will
 bloom, Sir ;
 I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride and her
 power, Sir,
 I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dow'r, Sir.
 Date, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random,
 Losing thousands their lives with a nil disperandum ;
 But each conquest I gain'd, I made friend and foe know,
 That my soul's only aim was pro publico bono.

Date, &c.

BHT

I ne

I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave them,
 I of Rome's free rights never strove to bereave them ;
 Nor bow down their necks to the yoke, for my pleasure.
 Have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd its treasure.

Date, &c.

Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or self, Sir,
 Has my glory been stain'd by the base views of self, Sir ;
 To such sordid designs I've so far been for craving,
 Old and blind, I've no choice but of begging or starving.

Date. &c.

Now, if soldier or statesman, of what age or nation,
 He hereafter may be, should hear this relation ;
 And of eye-sight bereft, like me, grope his way, Sir,
 The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day, Sir.

Date, &c.

So I to distress and to darkness inur'd, Sir,
 To this vile crust of clay when no longer immur'd, Sir,
 At Death's welcome stroke my bright course shall begin,

Sir,

And enjoy endless day from the sunshine within, Sir.

Date, &c.

THE

THE WEST COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

JOHN Bull was a bumpkin born and bred.
 At a clodhopping village in Gloucestershire;
 And as for this world or the world's that's to come,
 For to puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near.
 For he never was known to set foot in a church,
 Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife;
 And says John, by the Lord, I was never before
 In a place like a church all the days of my life.

For there I look'd, and seed nine or ten fellows,
 A zinging as loud as lungs could clink ;
 So thinking that I was got into an ale-house
 I look'd up and ax'd, if they'd nothing to drink.
 When up came a man, and he pull'd off my hat,
 And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place ;
 I thought that for zartain he must be the landlord,
 Or else I'll have fetch'd him a punch in the face.

Howsomdever, I fancied 'twas never the near,
 For to kick up a dust, and to frighten the bride ;
 So I went further in to look at the place,
 And, Lord, what a comical zight I espy'd ;

There

There was men folks, and women folks, penn'd up
together,
Like so many weathers and yews at a fair;
Besides a long booby-hutch built up for holding
The whole Corporation, Justasses, and Mayor.

Then up got a little man into a tub,
And he look'd as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the dirt,
For you wou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,
Tuck'd under his chin, and slit in two.
To be perch'd in a tub, and wear a black shirt,
I was puzzl'd to think what a plague he cou'd do.

For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,
Another below, that sat in a chest,
Was mocking of every word he did say;
And when he had fairly tired him out,
To the very last word, to do nothing by halves,
I verily thought he was going to fight him,
For he stood up, and call'd for a couple of slaves.

But the little man, tho'f he'd a black shirt on,
Whip'd over'n another, as white as a clout,
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,
He set open the tub, and he let himself out;

D

Upon

Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
 And as tho'f he had got neither shame nor grace,
 He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,
 And splash'd the cold water all over his face.

To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing,
 For to serve a poor babe such a woundy trick,
 For tho'f he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,
 They did mind him no more than a goosemunchick.
 Od'sbobs ! and I thought if the maggot should bite,
 And they wanted to make but child of a man,
 Who could tell but to turn such a baby as I,
 Might be souse'd in the trough like a sop in a pan.

So I took to my heels, and I scamper'd away,
 Like a lusty fellow for sure and sure,
 And swore in my guts, if they ever catch'd I
 O' the inside the door of a church any more,
 They should plump me up to the ears in the hog trough,
 Just like a toast in a tankard then ;
 And souse me, and sop me, and sop me, and souse me,
 A hundred times over and over again.

ANA-

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

By the Rev Mr. Fawkes.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul :
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young.
 When full cups my cares expell,
 Sober counsels then farewell ;
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
 All our sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymphs detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.

When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the generous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

FROM ANACREON.

By Abraham Cowley, Esq.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
 And thirsts, and gapes for drink again ;
 The planets set in the earth, they are
 By constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself, which, one would think,
 Should have but little need to drink,
 Drinks many thousand rivers up,
 Into his everlasting cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
 By his drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and when that's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.

Then

They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night ;
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill it high ;
 Fill all the glasses here ; for why
 Should every creature drink but I ?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

*By Arthur Dawson, Esq. **

YE good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted,
 With six bottles more :
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house Money Glasf,

* Third baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Who is said to have translated it from one of the compositions of Carolan, a celebrated modern Irish Bard. Which

Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns :
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray what would you more,
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear :
 Come hither, I'll show you
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
 For what mortal so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
 Though all you get by't
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward of your rhimes,
 With Humphrey the duke :
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the muses, those senseless old crones ;
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhiming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire
 Jones.

Ye

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders
 Who serv'd us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne :
 Come leave off your rattling
 Your sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
 Where you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek.
 Above once in a year :
 Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railin g
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
 Says the text so divine,
 What is life without wine ?
 Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust !
 You know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be fee'd :
 Leave musty reports
 And forsake the king's courts,
 Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones,
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
 With all your damn'd entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowlege consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe
 Have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case :
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?
 When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye foxhunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake,
 Before there're awake,
 To beat up the brake

Where the vermin is found :

Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duchess and Trueman ;

No music is found in such dissonant tones :

Would you ravish your ears
 With the songs of the spheres.

Hark away to the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

In Praise of Good Ale.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
 And winter tell a heavy tale,
 When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
 Do sit and curse the frost and snows,
 Then give me ale.

Ale is a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
 Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
 Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
 And forms the march of Swedish drum,
 Disputes with princes, laws and rights,
 What's done and past tells mortal wights,
 And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart unkeeps,
 And equals it to tyrants' thrones,
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps,
 The o'er wearied bones.

Grand-child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wine's emulous neighbour if but stale,
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each man's heart with laughter,
 Oh! give me ale.

THE

THE BROWN JUG.

*Imitated from the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus.**By the Rev. Mr. Fawkes.*

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with
mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug ;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

By Mr. William Woty.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And batter all joys for a goblet of wine.
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair.
And pray what mighty joy can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass.

'Tis woman, whose joys every rapture impart,
And lends a new spring to the pulse of the heart.
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
Whilst Age in half ecstacy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then fill me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest, the deepest that stands on the board:
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, then pledge who dare,

BY

*By James Shirley. **

THE glories of our birth and state,
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings:
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still,
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmur'ring breath,
 When the pale captive creeps to death.

* These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. It is said to have been a favourite with King Charles II. Percy. I. 270.

The

The laurel withers on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Imitated from the Spanish.

By Dr. Lisle.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see,
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
 To set his Euridice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far—but how vast their surprise !
 When they heard that he came for his wife.

To

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
 But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
 —So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art;
 Such merit had music in hell!

*By Mr. Collins. **

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest?
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck the hallow'd mold.
 She then shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

Written in 1746.

By

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

D I R G E.

In Cymbeline.

*Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele,
 Supposed to be dead.*

By the Same.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 The female Fays shall haunt the green,-
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The red-breast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests stakes the sylvan cell ;
 Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tears be duly shed;
 Belov'd, till life can charm no more ;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

By Mr. Garrick.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
 Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspere
 would dream,
 The Fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

* *In his Ode upon dedicating a building, and erected a statue, to Shakspere, at Stratford upon Avon.*

The love-stricken maid, the soft sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be famed for their love, and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

THE IRISH HUNT.

Air—Sheela na guiragh.

HARK! hark! jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
To pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail:
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire
O'er stone wall and hedges, through dale, bog, and briar;
A pack of such hound, and a set of such men
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore gad he'd have shook like an aspen, for fear.

In

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
 The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
 At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
 We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox ;
 The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
 And 'squire Adair sure was with us that day ;
 Joe Dibbil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
 Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
 When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar ;
 Hark to Wanton ! cried Joe, and the rest was not slack,
 For Wanton's no trifler esteem'd in the pack :
 Old Bony and Collier came readily in,
 And every hound join'd in the musical din ;
 Had Diana been there she'd have been pleas'd to the life,
 And one of the lads got a goddes to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
 When Reynard broke covert, and this was his play :
 As strong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
 Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan ;
 To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
 Steep Shankhill he clim'd, and to Ballyman-glen ;
 Bray-common he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
 And seem'd to say, little I value you all.

He ran Bushes grove, up to Carberry-burns,
 Joe Dibbil, Hal Preston kept leading by turns :
 The earth it was open, but he was so stout,
 Though he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out ;
 To Malpas' high hill was the way then he flew ;
 At Dalkeystone common we had him in view ;
 He drove on, by Bullock, through Shrubglanagery,
 And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rochestown wood like an arrow he pass'd,
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
 There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
 And said in his heart, sure none dare follow me :
 But soon, to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds,
 Could stop the pursuit of such staunch mettled hounds ;
 His policy here did not serve him a rush,
 Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
 But, ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
 Being waylaid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
 At his death there was present the lads that I've sung,
 Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung.
 Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chase.
 That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
 Where dwells Hospitality, Mirth, and my Lord;
 We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
 Of the man who ne'er varied for places or wealth,
 Owen Bray balk'd a leap, says Hal Preston, 'twas odd;
 'Twas shameful, cries Jack, by the great living God;
 Says Preston, I halloo'd, Get on, though you fall;
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to Freedom and sport,
 For party affairs we consign'd to the court :
 Thus we finish'd the rest of the day, and the night,
 In gay-flowing bumpers and social delight ;
 Then, till the next morning, bid farewell each brother,
 For some they went one way, and some went another ;
 As Phoebus befriended our earlier roam,
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

TO CUPID ON VALENTINE'S DAY,

COME thou rosy-dimpled boy,
 Source of every heart-felt joy,
 Leave the blissful bow'r awhile,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Birtons too thy pow'r adore,

Britons,

Britons, hardy, bold, and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
This is thine, and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r.
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine, and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
Love alone can pleasure give ;
Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns and sceptres, envied things,
And the pride of Eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys,
When compar'd to Love's sweet joys.
Love alone can pleasure give,
Only while we love we live.

LOVE

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obeys;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place

For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly:
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;

But

But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 By having him confin'd,
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind ;
 But if ne'er so close you wall him,
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind Love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way,

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phenix of the East ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 Love will find out the way.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCH'D.

*A favourite Song in all the Convivial Societies in
Ireland.*

Air—To the Hundreds of Drury I write,

THE night before Larry was stretch'd,
 The boys they all paid him a visit;
 And bit int their sacks too they fetch'd,
 They sweeted their duds till they riz it:
 For Larry was always the lad,
 When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,
 But he'd fence all the togs that he had,
 To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
 And moisten his gob 'fore he died. *

I'm sorry, now Larry, says I,
 To see you in this situation,
 'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,
 I'd rather it had been my own station.
 Och hone ! its all over, says he,
 For the neckcloth I'm forc'd for to put on :
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see,
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton,
 Bekays why, my dear, my courage was good.

* The last line of every verse not sung, but spoke with
 an Irish brogue.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
 They drew all their stools round about him;
 Six glims on the coffin were plac'd,
 He could n't be well wak'd without them.
 Tax'd if he was fit for to die,
 Without having first duly repented;
 Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
 Its only what gowfsmen invented,
 To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being call'd for, they play'd
 Till Larry found one of them cheated;
 He made a smart stroke at his head,
 (The boy being easily heated)
 Oh ! by the holy, you teef,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle;
 You cheat me because I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
 And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
 Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitch'd his big wig to the devil;

Then

Then stooping a little his head
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said,
 Oh ! the hemp will be soon round my trottle,
 And choke my poor wind-pipe to death.

So movingly these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;
 For my part I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower :
 On his travels we watch'd him next day,

Oh ! the hangman I though I could kill him ;
 Not one word poor Larry did say,
 Nor chang'd till he came to King William ; *
 Then, my dear, his colour turn'd white.

When he came to the nubbing chit,
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty :
 The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city !
 He kick'd too—but that was all pride,

For soon you might see 'twas all over ;
 Soon after the noose was untied,
 And at darky we wak'd him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweet.

* A statue in College Green, Dublin.

doce worg stanf. By Mr. Mathew Concanen.

I Love thee, by heaven, I cannot say more;
 Then set not my passion a cooling;
 If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er,
 For I'm but a novice at wooing.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in deeds;
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
 A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds,
 And a word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
 But I hate all protesting and arguing:
 Had a goddes my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
 If she made many words to the bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying:
 Prithee, be thou so too; seek for no better terms,
 But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery suit,
 The age of a patriarch depending;
 Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
 Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the vituals grow cool,
 Before men sit down to their dinners,

By Sir John Suckling,

WHY so pale and wan, fond love?

Prithee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her;

The devil take her.

By

By Mr. William Woty

SWEET are the banks, when spring perfumes
 The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers.

Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange grove;
 But oh ! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love,

Ye roses, blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air ;
 Ye lilies chaste ! with silver heads
 As my Cleoras bosom fair.
 No more I court your balmy sweets ;
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each others meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eye may gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky
 Conduit me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

THE

THE GIRDLE.

By Edmond Waller, Esq.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwells all that's good, and all that's fair ;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

To

TO CHLOE JEALOUS.

By Mathew Prior, Esq.

DEAR Chloe how blubber'd is that pretty face,
 Thy cheek all on fire and thy hair all uncurl'd!
Prithee quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'inary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong;
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
 Odslife! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write shows
 The diff'rence there is betwixt nature and art;
Icourt others in verse; but I love Thee in prose;
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart,

The

The god of us verse-men (you know child) the Sun,
 How after his journies he sets up his rest :
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run ;
 At night he reclines on his Thetises breast.

So when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come :
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way :
 They were but my visits; but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war ;
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree :
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

THE LASS OF THE MILL.

By Miss Mary Jones.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt,
 Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt :
 For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
 That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown bread ;
 That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
 And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who lived in the valley below,
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
 Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
 And would rest on his pitch-fork to tell her his tale ;
 With his winning behaviour he melted her heart ;
 But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,
 And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord :
 Then her eyes he commended in language well drest,
 And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast ;
 Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
 That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
 All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd ;
 And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell :
 Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
 And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
 And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns her bread ;
 The whole village cried shame when a milking she goes,
 That so little affection is show'd to the cows :
 But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on,
 And a fig for the cows, now her sweet-heart is gone.

Now

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,
 How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile:
 For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you and tempt you will try all his skill;
 But remember The lass on the brow of the hill.

THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

By Mr. Christopher Smart

NO more of Harriot, of Polly no more,
 Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before;
 My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
 And batter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold;
 I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
 And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.
 Though o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
 Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow;

Such painters of old drew the Queen of the Fair,
 'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair ;
 And tho' wilings may scoff, and tho' railery mocks,
 Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.

To live and to love, to converse and be free,
 Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee ;
 Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,
 Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time ;
 A fig for his dials, his watches, and clocks,
 He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my sight,
 Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white ;
 Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
 Which are fit for the language or labour of love ;
 At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,
 My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes as they roll or they flow,
 Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe ;
 She shall ease my fond heart, and shall sooth my soft pain,
 While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain ;
 Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
 While I have the lass with the golden locks.

SUM-

SUMMER.

By Thomas Berewood, Esq.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day,

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the heards cease to low, and the lambkins to blear,
When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms ;
 Soft love and repose shall devide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO ! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of you Phillis and Chloë no more ;
 Their face, and their air, and their mein—what a rout !
 Here's to thee, my lad !—push the bottle about.

Let

Let finical sops play the fool and the ape;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;
 But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink,

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
 Remember what topers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If Cupid assaults you their's law for his tricks;
 Anacreon's case, see page twenty-six;
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolick, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound;
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

By Mr. Henry Carey.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long;
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse,

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise.
 For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LE^T us drink and be merry.
 Dance, joke, and rejoice,
 With claret and sherry,
 Theorboe and voice :
 The changeable world
 To our joy is unjust
 All treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your dust.
 In frolics dispose
 Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
 For we will be nothing
 An hundred years hence.

We'll

We'll kiss and be free
 With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
 Have oysters and Lobsters,
 And maids by the belly,
 Fish dinners will make
 A lass spring like a flea ;
 Dame Venus, love's goddess,
 Was born of the sea :
 With Bacchus and her
 We'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bit,
 That hath all eyes upon her,
 That her honesty sells
 For a hogoe of honour,
 Whose lightnes and brightness
 Doth shine in such splendour,
 That none but the stars
 Are thought fit to attend her ;
 Though now she is pleasant,
 And sweet to the sense,
 Will be damnable mouldy
 An hundred years hence.

The usurer, that
 In the hundred takes twenty,
 Who wants in his wealth,
 And pines in his plenty;
 Lays up for a season
 Which he shall ne'er see,
 The year one thousand
 Eight hundred and three:
 His wit, and his wealth,
 His learning, and fense,
 Shall be turned to nothing
 An hundred years hence.

Your Chancery lawyers,
 Whose subtlety thrives,
 In spinning out suits
 To the length of three lives;
 Such suits which the clients
 Do wear out in slavery,
 Whilst pleader makes conscience
 A cloak for his knavery,
 May boast of his subtlety
 In the present tense,
 But *non est inventus*
 An hundred years hence.

Then

Then why should we turmoil
 In cares and in fears,
 Turn all our tranquility
 To sighs and to tears?
 Let's eat, drink, and play,
 Till the worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain, *post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
 Let's deal with our damsels,
 That we may from thence,
 Have broods to succeed us
 An hundred years hence.

S O N G.

COME now, all ye social powers,
 Shed your influence o'er us;
 Crown with joy, the present hours,
 Enliven those before us,

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast all care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of generous passion,
 But will ne'er bow down before
 Those idols, wealth or fashion.
 Bring, &c.

Friendship, with thy smile divine,
 Brighten all our features;
 What but friendship, love and wine
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring, &c.

Why the deuce should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder;
 Grave or gay, or wise or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring, &c.

Then since time will steal away
 Spite of all our sorrow;
 Heighten every joy to day,
 Never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

S O N G,

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles :
 I'll tell you, young gentlemen, what the fates' will is :
 You, my boy,
 Must go
 (The gods will have it so)
 To the siege of Troy ;
 Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those wall to be slain.
 Never let your noble courage be cast down ;
 But, all the time you lie before the town,
 Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry ;
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

SONG.

S O N G.

COME fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have :
He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate him an inch,
Though I drink myself into the grave.

Here's a health then to those jolly souls,
Who like me will ne'er give o'er ;
Who no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
And merry stickle for more.

Drown reason, and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command,
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand ?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us rules,
And bring us to positive thinking.

Tell 'em

Tell'em all, I'll have six in my hand,
 For I've trifl'd an age away :
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glafs, drink about.
 We'll drink the universe dry ;
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
 If once we grow sober we die.

S O N G,

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold,
 There nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold ;
 That bliss in externals no mortal can find,
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,
 'Tis something within him, and nothing without ;
 This something, they say, was the source of content,
 And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.
 Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;
 But, ye gods ! how divine if we get it within ;
 'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root,
 And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When

When the bottle is wanting the soul is deprest,
 And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast ;
 But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
 We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

S O N G .

I Am the king and prince of drunkards,
 Ranting, rattling, jovial boys :
 We despise your sullen thinkers,
 And fill the tavern with our noise.
 We sing and we roar,
 And we drink and call for more,
 And make more noise than twenty can ;
 'Tis therefore all we swear,
 That the man who knows no care,
 He only deserves the name of man.

My friend and I drank whole pif-pots
 Full of sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my friend, and he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim :
 Three bottles and a quart,
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 But hang such puny sips as these :
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto thebung,
 And tipp'd whole hosheads off with ease.

I heard

I heard of a fop that drank whole tankards,
Stil'd himself the prince of fots :
But I say now hang such silly drunkards,
Melt their flaggons, break their pots.

My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of doors ;
We drank it all up,
In the morning, at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage skip :
Then we embark'd upon the ocean,
Where we found a Spanish ship,
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
The sailors swore five hundred tun ;
We drank it all at sea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having quench'd his thirst,
Said, let us to the vineyards haste :
Straight then we sail'd to the Canaries,
Which afforded just a taste;
From thence unto the Rhine,
Where we drank up all the wine,

'Till Bacchus cried, Hoid, ye sots, or ye die;
 And swore he never found,
 In his universe round,
 Such thirsty souls as my friend and I,

Out, fie! cries one, what a beast he makes him!

He can neither stand nor go.

Out, you beast you, you're much mistaken,

Whene'er knew you a beast drink so?

'Tis when we drink the least,

That we drink most like a beast;

But when we carouse it six in hand,

'Tis then, and only then,

That we drink the most like men,

When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

By Mr. Garrick.

YE true honest Britons who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let.

Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British Beer.
 Your wine-tipling, dram sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit,
 But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale.
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with our poles,
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern jaws ring,
 For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls,
 Who will spend their last drop for their country and
 king.

Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer.
 Your wine-tipling, dram-drinking fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

By Mr. W. Bedingfield.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour stove to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing.
Far off from court. God bless the King!

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party rage, and great men's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylors, and no doctors' bills ;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY,

OR, THE
Gallant Seamen's Sufferings.

YOU gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the cares, and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow,

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas,
You must not think to start;

Nor

Nor once to be faint-hearted.
 In hail, rain, [blow] or snow,
 Nor to think for to shrink
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure.
 Our sleep it is disturb'd
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams, on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our ship to stray
 Beyond our wonted course;
 Which causeth great distractions,
 And sinks our hearts full low.
 'Tis in vain to complain,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
 Our ship is lost in waves,
 And every man expecting
 The sea to be their graves;

Then

Theu up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low ;
 'Tis with waves, o with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow,

The down again we fall to prayer,
 With all our might and thought,
 When refuge all doth fail us,
 'Tis that must bear us out ;
 To God we call for succour,
 For he it is we know,
 That must aid us, and save us,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
 That sits in gowns of fur,
 In closets warm can take no harm,
 Abroad they need not stir ;
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
 And beats with hail and snow,
 We are sure to endure,
 When the stormy winds do blow,

We bring home costly merchandise,
 And jewels of great price,
 To serve our English gallantry,
 With many a rare device ;

To

To please the English gallantry,

Our pains we freely show.

For we toil, and we moil,

When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes fail to the Indies,

To fetch home spices rare,

Sometimes again to France and Spain,

For wine beyond compare;

Whilst gallant are carousing,

In taverns on a row,

Then we sweep o'er the deep,

When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,

And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,

We straight lie down to rest;

But when the billows tumble.

And waves do furious grow,

Then we rouse, up we rouse,

When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,

When England is at wars,

With any foreign nations,

We fear not wounds nor scars;

Our

Our foaring guns shall reach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel in the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
 We'll play our parts like gallant hearts,
 And never fly for dread ;
 We'll ply our busyness mimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
 With our mates to the Streights,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd.
 Whilst we have bold adventurers
 We never shall want a trade ;
 Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, I know ;
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
 The tapster and the vintner
 Will help to share our gains ;

L

We'll

We'll call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go;
 Then we'll roar on the shore;
 When the stormy winds do blow.

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

SONGS of shepherds, in rustic roundlays,
 Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds,
 Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds,
 Sotish Silenus
 To Phoebus the genius
 Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare,
 In phrase nicely coin'd,
 And verse quite refin'd,
 How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
 Stars and planets which beautifully shone,
 Could no longer endure that men only shall
 Swim in pleasure, and they but look on ;
 Round about horned
 Lucina they swarmed,
 And her informed how minded they were,
 Each god and goddess,
 To take human bodies,
 As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion.
 While pale Proserpina sat in her place,
 To light the welkin, and govern the ocean,
 While she conducted her nephews in chace
 By her example,
 Their father to trample,
 The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air ;
 Neptune the water,
 And wine Liber Pater,
 And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.
 Light god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
 Borrow'd of the Muses with kisses and pray'r's ;
 Strong Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,
 Mounts a centaur, which proudly him bears ;

Postillion of the sky,
 Light-heel'd Mercury
 Made his courser fly, fleet as the air ;
 While tuneful Apollo
 The kennel did follow,
 And hoop and holoo, boys, after the hare.

Drown'd Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
 Rous'd Echo, new manhood did take ;
 Snoring Somnus upstarted from Cimmeris,
 Before for a thousand years he did not wake ;
 There was club-footed
 Mulciber booted,
 And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare ;
 Proud Pallas pouted,
 Loud Æolus shouted,
 And Momus flouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Astraea,
 The jest took hold of Latona the cold ;
 Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea ;
 Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold ;
 Shame-fac'd Aurora,
 With witty Pandora,
 And Maia with Flora did company bear ;
 But Juno was stated
 Too high to be mated,
 Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to th' Olympical rector,
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee ;
 Jove to Phoebus carouses in nectar,
 And Phoebus to Hermes, and Hermes to me.
 Wherewith infused,
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, there sports to declare :
 Till the house of Jove
 Like the spheres did move : —
 Health to those who love hunting the hare.

ANNA ; OR, THE ADIEU.

WHEN the sailors catch the breeze, and anchor is
 weigh'd
 To bear me from Anna, my beautiful maid,
 The top-mast ascending, I look for my dear,
 And sigh that the features imperfect appear ;
 Till aided by fancy, her charms I still trace,
 And for me see the tears tickle down her pale face ;
 While her handkerchief waving solicits my view,
 And I hear her sweet lips sadly sigh out, adieu !

The

The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,
Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows the
gale :

The gale that regards not the sighs that it bears :
The proud waves, still unmov'd, tho' augmented by
tears.

Ah ! will ye not one single moment delay,
Oh, think from what rapture you bear me away !
Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to view,
And a tear drops from each, as I sigh out, adieu !

Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,
That I still see the land where I left her behind ;
The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,
Tho' less'ning, my eyes beams with pleasure to see :
'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my heart,
'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet, ne'er to part !
If the fates are propitious to lovers so true ;
But if not, dearest Anna ! a long, long adieu !

THE MAID OF MARTINDALE.

IN Martindale, a village gay,
A damsel deigns to dwell,
Whose locks are like a summer's day,
Whose charms no tongue can tell.

Whene'er

Whene'er I meet her on my way,
 I tell my am'rous tale ;
 Then heave a sigh, or softly say,
 Sweet maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
 From Hodge up to the 'Squire,
 A conquest makes of ev'ry swain,

All gaze, and all admire.
 Then were's the hope, alas ! for me,
 That I should e'er prevail ;
 Yet while I breath, I'll think of thee,

Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot,

To call this charmer mine,
 I'd live content in lowly cot,
 And pompous thoughts resign :
 But if she scorns each heart-felt sigh,
 And leaves me to bewail ;
 For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,

Sweet maid of Martindale.

HE'S ALWAYS WOOING ME.

THE tuneful lav'rick cheers the grove,
And sweetly swells the summer green.
Now o'er the meads I love to rove,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Bonny Jem of Aberdeen,
Bonny Jem of Aberdeen,
Now o'er the meads I love to rove,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
Or wander o'er the lee,
He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
Always wooing me.
Whene'er we sit,

He-fresh and fair as flow'r in May,
The blitheſt lad of a' the green;
How sweet the time will pass away,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
Wi' ilky sport of glen or green,
Well pleas'd to share the humble lot
Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we, &c.

I WAS,

I WAS, D'YE SEE, A WATERMAN.

I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman;
 As tight and spruce as any—
 'Twixt Richmond town and Horslydown,
 I turned an honest penny ;
 None could of Fortune's favours brag
 More than could lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag—
 My grunter in my sty ;
 With wherry tight,
 And bosom light,
 I cheerfully did row ;
 And to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife,
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.
 Like my Poll, &c.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
 Folks far and near caref'd me ;
 Till woe is me !
 So lubberly,
 The vermin came and press'd me ;
 How could I all these pleasures leave,
 How with my wherry part ?
 I never so took on to grieve,
 It wrung my very heart ;

M

But

But when on board
 They gave the word
 To foreign parts to go,
 I rul'd the moment I was born,
 That I shold ever thus be torn
 From my Poll and my partner Joe:
 From my Poll, &c.

I did my duty manfully,
 When on the billows roaring,
 And night or day
 Could find my way,
 Blindfold, to the main-top bowling;
 Thus all the danger of the main,
 Quick-sands and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
 The joys I left behind.
 In climes afar,
 In hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat,
 My wife and my partner Joe:
 My wife, &c.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts
 From foreign parts
 Came home for consolation.

Like

Like lightning—for I felt new life
 Now free from war's alarms,
 I return'd—and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms:
 Yet fancy not
 I bore this lot
 For him, a lubber—no;
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd
 My Poll, and my partner Joe.

My Poll, &c.

SONG IN THE PART OF PUMPS,

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

A PRETTY damsel's eyes, I vow,
 Do with me what they will;
 I look, I feel, I can't tell how,
 And quite forget my bill.
 Tho' from my work I never cease,
 Yet 'tis so little paid,
 That, should my custom thus increase,
 Faith, I must leave off trade.
 Fal la! de la!
 Faith, I must leave off trade.

Then boots I make to fit so pat,
For many a jovial soul;
So I drink with this—and I drink with that,
But seldom touch the cole.

Tho' from my work, &c.

~~W^m Pitt no more will I use a glass—~~
~~Friend—~~
~~but of w^m Pitt had I given up now and then no~~

ON MARIA'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

SWEET maiden, adieu ! I shall meet thee no more,
For fate signs my doom, as I saw thee depart;
The light'ning of Beauty I stay'd to adore,
Till the flash of Mortality fell on my heart.

Then hasten, ye breezes, a moment repair,
From the thyine-cover'd hill, and the river's gay verge,
To catch the last tear for the loss of my fair,
And singing, melodiously whisper my dirge.

Tis

'Tis a rapture to love, tho' with passion unknown,
 While hope spreads her prospect so bright to the view;
 But the lover is lost when the object is gone,
 And he yields to the softness he cannot subdue.

Then, ye violets! glance your blue eyes on the mead,
 And taste the moist odours of balm-breathing morn;
 On your lips wanton Zephyr shall loiter to feed,
 As you wreath your fresh leaves at the foot of the thorn.

And you, feather'd songster, indulge your soft lay,
 From the elm tree's high bough, or the bush in the brake;
 Go warble your joys in the pride of the day,
 Or dip your light wings in the bed of the lake.
 For again she will walk yon thick covert among.
 And rifle each flower of its charms and its sweets;
 Will derive a delight from the nightingale's song,
 As at evening he mourns in the blossom'd retreat.

Yes! Maria again shall illumine the scene,
 But never suspect the affliction she gave;
 Nay, at times when fatigu'd by her walk on the green,
 For rest, may unwittingly sit on my grave.

Ah!

Ah ! then if my spirit should hang on the clod,
 Not a word of my woes or my death shall it tell,
 Lest the tear of her pity should fall on the sod,
 And my doom be to grieve on the spot where they fell.

Yet sure to behold the bright beam of her eyes,
 To gaze on the rose bud that blows on her cheek,
 To hear her dear voice, might excuse the sad sigh
 Of him, who had ne'er the presumption to speak.

Oh ! if she had know and had felt for my pain,
 I must have been happy, I would have been bold;
 But I err'd—for in truth to conceal, is to feign,
 And I die for the secret I ought to have told.

Alas ! the fond image engrav'd on my heart,
 Is beginning to fade, and in dimness retire ;
 Ah ! do not, dear Excellence ! do not départ !
 Stay, stay but an instant—and see me expire !

POOR

poor ant no good bloode shant you find in me,
Her i land dises you to know you to know sone
poor Tom; but yet to me selfe
Not verry swerd and strong as me mother am but
OR, THE

Sailor's Epitaph.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowlings,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friend were many and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly—
Ah! many's the time, and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 Tom's life has vainly doft'd ;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

F I N I S.

